

Mattins.

finite maiestye. Thy honorable, true, and
 onely sonne. Also the holy ghost the con-
 forter. Thou arte the kyng of glorie, o Christ.
 Thou arte the everlastyng sonne of the father.
 When thou tokest vpon the to deliuer
 man, thou didest not abhorze the virgins
 wombe

Mattins.

wombe. When thou haddest ouercome the
 sharpnes of death, thou didest open the kyng-
 dome of heauen to all belcuers. Thou sittest
 on the right hand of god, in the glorie of
 the father. We beleue that thou shalt come
 to be oure Iudge. We therfore pray the, helpe
 thy